

Red vs Blue vs Six

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Summary: Noble 6 and the rest of Noble team aside from Jorge survive Reach Though Six was badly injured there he is being sent to a small base out in the middle of nowhere to recover a base in a canyon known as Blood Gulch.

1. Chapter 1

I don't own Halo or Red vs. Blue (it really should have its own category)

* * *

><p>One day in a box-canyon in the middle of nowhere known as Blood Gulch. Three soldiers stood around a standard issue jeep called M12-LRV or Warthog. One wore standard issue red armor this man, was Sarge, leader of this branch of the Red Army sworn to forever oppose the Blue Army, of which there was a small detachment on the other side of the canyon.<p>

The next soldier wears standard armor but it was colored gold his name was Pvt. Dexter Grif.

The other, in armor identical but at the same time different in color this time maroon, to the first two was Pvt. Richard 'Dick' Simmons.

What they were discussing was the name of the vehicle they were currently standing next to as well as the new recruit they would be receiving in a few days.

"So tell me again Sir, why are we getting a new guy?" Simmons asked looking at Sarge.

"It's simple Simmons; the new recruit, well he's not really a new recruit he saw combat with aliens on Reach so he has actually seen

about as much if not more combat than you or me and he is being sent here to recover from injuries sustained there while still being able to keep his skills sharp by being in a combat zone."

"So we're getting an injured guy? Great what good will he do us." Grif said making his opinion known.

"Shut it dirt-bag. This brave red has probably seen and done more for the Red Army than anyone in this canyon aside from myself. So you will show the Lt. some respect when he arrives."

"Great. Another officer." Grif muttered under his breath.

* * *

><p>-Meanwhile somewhere classified-<p>

"How's he doing Noble 3?" Asked the blue clad leader of Noble Team who went by the name of Carter-A259 or Noble 1.

"From what they've told me about as well as can be expected. After all that elite nearly sliced his arm off and left him there to die while they glassed the planet. According to them we're lucky those wrist blades are plasma because if they weren't he would have bled out" Noble 3 or Jun-A266 looked up from the sniper rifle he had, almost religiously, been cleaning and inspecting for damage.

Cathirine-B320, Noble 2 or just Kat to her team, walked over to the observation window and looked down at the team of surgeons readying the newest edition to Noble Team for the cybernetic prosthetic arm they would be attaching to replace the limb he left on Reach. She shivered as she recalled her own time under those knives, back when she lost her own arm.

Emile-A239, or Noble 4 as he was called when Carter was making a point, glanced out of the window at his newest comrade. But Emile being the blunt-as-a-brick-to-the-face individual he was voiced the thoughts he had under his skull-scratched EVA helmet. "He looks like shit..."

"Well I'm sure he's sorry Emile, but most of us don't survive a month and a half stranded alone on a half glassed planet with no backup or fresh supplies and walk away looking like we just came back from a day spa." Jun said sending a rather harsh look to the black armored Spartan.

"I was just saying."

"Well stop saying."

Carter decided this was the time to end the fight. "Shut it. That's an order." With that both Spartans stopped talking.

"I'm going to see what Six did after he saved the Pillar of Autumn." Kat said standing from the chair she had been sitting in, she walked over lifting the Air Assault mk. VI variant with a jet black visor six had worn the day they'd met and every time he'd been seen afterwards in fact now that she thought about it, _'None of us have seen his face have we' _She pushed those thoughts away for now as she

activated her TACPAD and wirelessly link her helmet to the helmet of mysterious Noble 6.

* * *

><p>Kat had been expecting many things, maybe a few glimpses of the mission before he joined Noble team but she didn't expect the first thing she saw to be her mysterious comrade's face.<p>

Dark brown hair that fell to just behind his ears with two strands lightly framing a face that was younger than she expecting which made sense given the time stamp stating the recording was several years old. She could also see the armor he was wearing, standard issue mk. V jet black primary color with a dark green secondary in all the time she had known him his armor was heavily customized so that surprised her.

Only she was looking up at him as he was firing rounds off in from what she could see was a firing range, then she saw a hand encased in black armor with yellow trim reach over a grab his shoulder.

"What do you want Washington?" Six asked the armored man behind him as he methodically reloaded the pistol he had just fired the last bullets from.

"Just came to see how you were doing... and why you insist on wearing that helmet I mean come on..." Her view shifted as the helmet was lifted and she was visor to recorded visor with a standard mk. V helmet. Her view shifted and spun as the helmet was thrown over Washington's shoulder back to Six who caught it and put it on after putting the pistol on the counter.

Six then jogged to catch up to Washington. He caught up as they entered a large room with about a dozen others in similar armor with a few difference from each individual to the next. When one of them saw the two enter she given the person's body shape stood and walked over to the two.

"Oregon" she said to Six in greeting. "So you found him. So where was he Wash?"

"Hiding in the firing range."

"Don't talk about me like I'm not here, at least wait until I am not standing here, and I wasn't hiding. By the way it's good to see you to C.T."

You could hear the smirk in her voice before it suddenly gained a somber tone "Good to see you too. By the way I wanted to talk about the accident. Look Oregon I know you feel responsible but it wasn't your fault, Alaska had defective equipmentâ€|" Only to be interrupted by the suddenly angry Six.

"Yes it was C.T.; she offered to trade my Phase-Shifter for her Power-Booster. If I'd just agreed then she'd still be hereâ€|" He looked down in a depressed and defeated manner at this announcement.

"Yes, then you wouldn't and she'd be the one beating herself up over it. But you didn't and there's nothing you can do now." Washington

chimed in.

"I know that Wash, I just have to go blow off some steam"

Washington turned from Oregon his hand on the chin of his helmet
"Well Wyoming and Maine are having a rematch against Texas in
training room 3. You might be able to get in on
that..."

"Wash..."

"Yeah?" He asked turning back.

"He left after you said 'training room 3'"

Everything turned to static after that and Kat severed the
connection. She looked at the helmet in surprise; nowhere in Six's
file did it say he was a part of Project Freelancer. She looked up at
her squad and said four words that severely made them begin to
rethink what they thought they knew of Six "He was a Freelancer."

* * *

><p>Well wacha' think? And yes I will rewrite my old stories...
eventually<p>

I just thought the story concept was kinda cool and yes I am taking a
lot of liberties with Six's past.

2. Chapter 2

I don't own Halo or Red vs. Blue (Still think it should have its own
category)

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><p>Noble Six sat up from the bed in the quarters he found himself
restricted to. (I.e. Threatened by Carter with being handcuffed to it
after his third escape attempt, if he left it again before he was to
be shipped off to his medical reassignment)<p>

He sighed as he looked down thinking back to the things he'd told his
team after they had confronted him with what Kat had seen and shown
to the rest of them. Reactions while generally positive (most
Spartans don't think too highly of Freelancers) had expressed that he
should have told them, and in hindsight he probably should
have.

Hell, he hadn't even gotten rid of his Freelancer suit. With that
thought he glanced at the ATSD (Armor Transport and Storage Device)
sitting across the room from him on the floor. He sighed as he stood
up and walked over to the case if he was going to get stuck in one of
the Freelancer scenario fields, he might as well look the
part.

"Noble 6, Please report to the hanger your pelican is here." Spoke
the calm voice of Dot, the A.I. companion of Noble Team from his
helmets internal speakers.

"Thanks Dot." He said looking in the mirror at himself in his old suit; it covered his new left arm to the point where unless one knows it's there you can't tell it is at all.

He walked down the hall towards the hanger his temporary reassignment due to 'medical recovery' was actually until further notice he was pretty sure The Director had something to do with that.

_ 'He probably wants Freelancer Agent Oregon back. But I'm not Oregon anymore I was a Spartan first and foremost, I was born to be a Spartan and I will die a Spartan, not a Freelancer.' _he looks up as he walks into the hangar he sees the pelican that would take him to this Blood Gulch place standing next to it was a soldier wearing the standard scenario suit which is basically a knock-off of the MJOLNIR armor made for use by the "Military" personnel at the various bases. The red clad soldier looked up upon his approach.

"Sir, Pvt. Doughnut reporting as ordered Sir." He said standing at attention.

"I never ordered you here."

"Yeah some guy said to come here and to give you this, and then I was to accompany you to Blood Gulch, Sir." He reached behind him and pulled out a small box handing it over to the Spartan. Six opened the box and immediately realized what it was and who sent it as he pulled out the small A.I. storage chip, the specific A.I. in question was Zeta as marked by the small 'Z' he had scratched into the casing.

"Zetaâ€¦|" He whispered. This A.I. was one of the few ties he had been hesitant to sever when he left project Freelancer the other was a certain freelancer who had been his partner for a year and a half. He reached around the back of his Air Assault variant sliding the chip into the slot and felt the familiar rush of mercury down his spine.

_ 'Z-Zeta? Are you there?' _ He thought hesitantly

_ "Yes, yes I am Agent Oregon or do you prefer Six now? Or perhaps your birth name, Er-" _

_ 'You know I haven't gone by either of those names in years Zeta. We'll talk later, the Pvt. looks like he's having a conniption trying to get my attention.' _He interrupted the A.I. he then tuned out the voice in his head as the Pvt. in front of him did indeed look like he was having a conniption, or perhaps a stroke, possibly an aneurysm.

"What did you say Pvt.?"

"I was just asking if what they say is true."

"What do they say?"

"That Noble Team in as close to immortal as it's possible to get, and that the only two members to ever die took full size alien carrier ships with them."

"Well the second thing is true. But I'm not too sure about the

first." He then turned away from Doughnut and stepped onto the transport Pelican.

* * *

><p>-About four minutes from Blood Gulch-<p>

"Another thing if you're joining the Red Team in here, why is your armor green?"

"You have a point." Six raised his TACPAD and hesitated before pressing the button and selecting a few options then pressing the final button. His armor changed the black plate flipped the color spectrum ending on white while the green became a deep red.

"There now I at least look the part."

"We're here Sir" Said the rather nervous pilot, after all his first solo flight and he's transporting one of the heroes of Reach.

"Thanksâ€¦Corporal." Six said after a quick look at the pilots shoulders.

The Pelican landed and the two red soldiers stepped from the ramp and approached the base.

The two reds walked over to the orange and maroon soldiers who were standing on the roof of the base with a set of red banners. It was then that Six realized just the sheer height difference between them given the maroon one was about six feet tall and Six himself was a full foot taller.

'This is going to be interesting' Six thought as he followed Doughnut up the ramp to the roof of the base.

_'Indeed.' _Zeta said amusement clear in the synthetic's voice.

"Hello, Sirs'." said Doughnut aproaching the two veteran Blood Gulchites.

"Sirs'?" Said the orange one turning towards our protagonist and the private named after a delicious pastry.

"I'm private Doughnut, and this is Lt. Six." He (guess who) introduced them to the two men in front of them.

"Private Doughnut?" Grif (I'm tired of just typing the colors) said confusedly.

"The Lt. is named after a number?" Simmons asked just as confused as grif.

"How the fuck did you get so tall?" Grif Asked looking at sheer size of the Lt. eyes wide under his helmet.

* * *

><p>There ya go chapter 2<p>

Grif: Hey you said I was gold last chapter.

Me: I changed my mind, so get over it.

Simmons: Ha! Not even the author likes you.

Me: Not to fond of you either Simmons.

3. Chapter 3

I wish owned a piece of Halo or RvB but I don't nor do I own anything else I may reference.

Just one question before we get this show on the road: Should there be some history between Six and Tex? Once again, it's just an idea that struck me as worth thinking over.

* * *

><p>Pvt. Leonard Church looked down on the red base through his sniper rifle, from his vantage point on the cliffs, of the four people standing on the afore mentioned base only one had him concerned and that was the guy in primarily white armor that was a foot taller than the other three. 'He's going to be a problem. Well, I better get back to base and tell Tucker.' He thought as he turned and headed towards blue base.<p>

"Hey, Tucker looks like the reds have a new guy." He said as he walked towards the teal armored member of blue team, Corporal Lavernius Tucker.

"Yeah, good for them look what we got." Tucker said turning towards the tank sitting behind him in all its giant vehicular glory.

"Whoaâ€| "Church said in awe, all thought of the seven foot tall soldier gone from his mind as his eyes traveled over the tanks cannon down its armor plating and treads. (Won't Sheila be mad when she finds out.) "I could blow up the whole damn world in this thing."

All the while the new recruit, in standard blue armor, had yet to stop talking about how if command had a ship that could carry a tank why they didn't just put guns on that instead.

Followed quickly by Church telling him to shut up and telling him to go salute the flag for when the general arrives for inspection after said recruit, called Pvt. Michael J. Caboose for those who are curious, called Church's girlfriend a cow/slut (to this day it remains unclear which). All of whom are unaware that one or all of their lives could be taken by the sniper sitting atop the cliffs just off to the left of their base.

'Hmmm, I wish I could hack there communications I wonder what their saying.' Thought Six as he observed the blue half of the occupants of the canyon through his sniper. 'Oh well. Let's see end it now or see if this place could be entertaining, oh the choices, the choices.' He thought idly drumming his new mechanical fingers on the stalk of the sniper in his hands before it siezed up not responding

momentarily.

That is when he noticed the red speck through his non-magnified vision make its way towards the blue base. 'Is thatâ€¦ Oh my god it is, Donut (having learned he'd been mentally spelling it wrong) you are either the craftiest or stupidest soldier I have ever met.' He thought as he learned the identity of the red speck by zooming in the sniper scope. His eyes widened as he saw Donut leave the blue base carrying the blue flag and ran back to red base.

He looked back at blue base to see the lightish blue one taking a bead on Donut with a sniper rifle. 'Ah ah, can't have you killing my teammates can I?' He thought as everything seemed to slow down as he entered what is commonly referred to 'Spartan Time'. He zoomed in fully looking at the snipers barrel, using the movements telegraphed by the faint twitching of the muscle groups in the soldier's arm he pulled the trigger just before the other soldier, resulting in his bullets shockwave hitting the blue's bullet and sending it faintly off course, the distance and crack of the blue's rifle resulting in the less careful aim of the following shots as he fired without properly aiming causing them all to miss.

He smiled to himself under his helmet thinking, as he observed the sniper using soldier threaten the teal one through the teleporter with a machine gun: 'I haven't done that in years.' He thought to himself. 'The last time I did that was during my time as a Freelancer.'

-Flashback-

"Well, Maine and Wyoming are having a rematch against Texas in training room three you mi-" It was at this point that Agent Oregon, though he could still hear the two back there he, tuned them out as he turned and at a slightly elevated pace towards the training room.

As he walked through the door he was surprised to see the Director himself standing there watching the very people whose fight he'd been hoping to get in on, going at it looking like they were doing their best to kill each other.

"Ahhh, Agent Oregon" the Director said turning to him, as the other Freelancers on the training floor somehow got even more violent, Texas was still kicking major ass though. "Just the agent I was hoping to see. You see, you are the only agent who I believe to have the proper skill set to be able function properly as Agent Texas's partner."

"A partner? With all due respect Sir, I have worked alone my entire military career, I really don't think this is a good idea." Oregon said while he thought 'Could this be ploy to get someone close enough to me to look over my shoulder when I report to ONI.' After all the only reason the Spartan was here in the first place was he was ordered to go in and report on the potential threat status of the Freelancers while the Director was told it was to see the potential of the program itself.

"Nonsense you'll never know until you try and I believe you wanted in on this fight? Well it seems one sided as it is so I'll add two more to the other team and send you down."

-Meanwhile on the training floor-

Agent Texas or just Tex had thoroughly thrashed agents Maine and Wyoming, again. How many times was that now? Like seven? And she wasn't even breathing hard. The computer chose that moment to announce. "New Fighters for both teams, get ready." She looked up at the scoreboard and saw two names appear on the side with Maine and Wyoming, Colorado and Montana and one on her side, Oregon.

Oregon himself, as he walked to the lift, was checking his things. 'Let's see, five clips paintball.' forgetting the two clips live he forgot to turn in, in his rush to catch up with Wash. 'And my knife yeah I'm good.' he walked off the lift and saw who he was fighting, the white armor duo easily recognized as Maine and Wyoming and then there was the other two Montana in dark brown almost black armor covering his built like a tank body, and Colorado her slimly built body covered in livewire green armor. The two Freelancers, no people he hated above all else, he shook his head as he approached his new teammate he held out a hand.

Tex had been expecting the hand but not what it held three clips of paintball ammo. He crouched next to her and said "You've gone eight rounds with these guys and even if you're not tired that doesn't matter with ammo supply, and with what I saw, you're probably low on ammo." She took the clips with a nod and reloaded her pistol.

-Flashback forcefully ended-

Six was knocked off memory lane by an explosion going off not far to his right and saw to his surprise that a lot had happened when he was thinking.

First off it seemed Simmons and Grif had gone out in the warthog to get Donut the blues had brought their tank out and blew up said light recon vehicle. 'Sarge in going to blow a gasket and Lopez is going to kill Grif.' He thought

Followed by a case of friendly fire on the blues leaving one of them dead, as well as the tank pinning the reds in their base. That is until they apparently called in an airstrike and it was the sound of the tank blowing up that had clubbed him off of memory lane.

He whistled as he took in what he'd missed "Wow, I miss a lot during flashbacks."

'Yes you do. It's a good thing I recorded it because you could use a laugh.' _Zeta stated highlighting a file on his HUD.

'Thanks Zeta.' Six stood, opening the file as he did and began his walk back to the base.

* * *

><p>And so you have Chapter 3<p>

But anyway think about the question posted at the top I'd really like to know what you think.

Gin Ichmaru leans in from the side "Bye Bye"

4. Chapter 4

Still don't own RvB or Halo or anything I reference a few pieces of this were transcribed from RvB.

Ok, I have received positive responses to Six and Tex's history now what kind of history. I.e. close partnership, friendly rivalry, romantic, and etcetera.

* * *

><p>Six sat on the base leaning slightly on his sniper rifle as he watched Sarge and Lopez fire their weapons, a pistol and machine gun respectively, at Grif, at times almost hitting him, with a grin under his helmet.<p>

'His plan was good in theory but one of them should have stayed in the jeep.' He thought shaking his head as he continued to enjoy the show, before he stood and walked back to the cliff and continue his surveillance of blue base. Unknowingly he temporarily delays a run in with a face from his past.

He looks through his sniper rifle to see the two currently living blue team members just standing on the edge of the base one looking through a sniper rifle. He looked over towards the red base in time to see a black armored figure run into the base.

"Oh shit, I really hope that is not one of who I think it was." He said his mouth going dry to the degree he actually thought he swallowed a piece of his tongue that broke off as his mouth went dry. That was when he received a transmission from Sarge.

"Lt. Six, this is Sarge respond."

"Sarge this is Six go ahead."

"We have captured an enemy agent. We need you back at base to keep him in check."

"Roger that Sarge, returning to base." With that he clicked off his helmet com-system and trekked back to the base.

He was just walking inside as he heard a gruff almost evil sounding voice warning Sarge.

"You better hope the first one knocks me out." Sarge then smashed the black armored soldier in the face with his shotgun rendering him unconscious.

He silently sighed as he saw that while the soldier on the floor was in fact a Freelancer, he was not one Six recognized. After all, the only one wear their armor totally black was Tex and they worked together enough that he would have recognized her voice, and that was not it.

He tuned back into the world as he rubbed his fake shoulder as the anesthetic Lopez had used when giving his arm a tune up began to were

off. He was already began to feel tired as one of the side effects kicked in.

Simmons looked at Sarge and told him "Sarge we need to get Donut airlifted out of here."

To which Sarge responded with "Could you put that in a memo and entitle it 'SHIT I ALREADY KNOW!' get on the horn with Command, Lt. are you good to watch the prisoner? That stuff Lopez gave ya should be wearing off about now." At Six's nod he then took note of the fact that the prisoner had regained consciousness. "Well, look who's up. Rise and shine buttercup."

The freelancer twitched as sparks jumped from their suit and some techno noises were made and, with a pop, it all stopped. Six stiffened and his breath caught in his throat as SHE began talking.

"Oh great you broke my voice filter, you cock-biting fucktards."

"Ah ha, I knew it! Only a chick could give you a headache this big!" Grif exclaimed triumphantly.

"What's the matter? Haven't you guys ever seen a girl before? How long have you guys been out here?" Tex asked a little disturbed.

Sarge turned to Six "Alright Lt. Me and Lopez are gonna take another look at that arm see if we can find why it keeps jamming up. Then you're going to guard the prisoner."

Six nodded partly not trusting his voice, partly not wanting to be recognized but mostly because in his hand, given to him to keep it away from the prisoner was the knife he had given to her when he "left" the program, then the three of them left the room

"So, you're a girl huh?" Grif was heard asking as they left and sat down near Lopez's area the silent robot walked over.

Six removed his armor plating then as he removed the glove Sarge stopped him with a laugh. "Here's yer problem, son." He pulled a pair of tweezers and pulled a pebble Six somehow hadn't noticed out from between two of his servos the hand moved much more fluidly after that. "Must 'a been from yer trips up and down the canyon walls. Anyway, now that that's done, go lie down you're no good if you pass out from that stuff."

"No, I'll be fine Sarge, I'll go watch her." With that he set off at a brisk walk to the base.

He looked up at the two other red soldiers in the base, his voice modulator in place to manipulate his voice to make it unrecognizable.

"Grif, Simmons, it's my shift watching the prisoner, and Sarge want you topside apparently there are some more Freelancers coming."

The two looked at each other, then at the seven foot tall super soldier, then Grif asked "Wait, what's up with your voice? And what do you mean 'Freelancer_s'_, as in plural? Why don't you come with

us, we might need your help."

"So then we'll just put the prisoner on the honor system? Have her guard herself?" Six asked sarcastically.

"Good point" Grif said with a gesture of defeat.

"Yes it is, now get out there." He said pointing to the door.

Simmons and Grif walked out of the base to get to the ramps that would take them to the roof. Six looked at Tex, with his DMR in hand he sat down across the room ready to shoot if he had to. The Freelancer and ex-Freelancer just stared at each other not having much else to do in the dull grey bunker. 'This is why I hate guard duty.'

_'And here i thought it was because you almost never get to blow things up.' _Zeta remarked._

'Zeta, we haven't shared a suit in 5 years. I've changed, I'm not that little hot-head I used to be.'

'It doesn't matter to me how much you change you'll still be that young, impulsive sergeant that I met all those years ago.'

'Whatever you say, Zeta.' After this conversation went on Six turned his attention back to the Freelancer across from him.

"What are you looking at?" She snapped seeing he had lifted his head, which he had lowered so he could stealthily observe her to if it really was Tex and not some other Freelancer that had stolen it. After all, unlike the Spartan IIIs teamwork wasn't survival among the Freelancers it just made missions easier

"Nothing, I was just wondering." He pulled the knife out of his tactical hard-case outer thigh attachment. "Where'd you get this? It doesn't seem like the kind of thing a Freelancer would use." He asked curious as to what her answer would be.

* * *

><p>And so we close out chapter 4 with a bit of a cliff hanger.<p>

By the way, before I forget I'd like to thank those who have reviewed because they seem to know what their talking about so I'm going to assume they read it too.

Sayonara. I'm learning Japanese =D

5. Chapter 5

I really don't feel like coming up with something clever this time. So I'll just say it; I don't own RvB or Halo.

* * *

><p>Tex looked at the red soldier across the room from her. But her

curiosity was beginning to get to her as she looked at him. 'He's got to be at least seven feet tall!' But it was the sight of his helmet Her mind was then forcibly dragged back to her old partner; he was the only person she had ever met who was that tall. She recalled the day they met, and the day she saw him "die".<p>

-Flashback-

She reloaded her pistol as she observed the other member of her "team". Agent Oregon stood behind the pillars that jutted from the floor to provide cover during the lock-down paint exercises. She glanced around the pillar she was currently using for its intended purpose as she observed the now four enemies stalked around the other pillars trying to find her and Oregon who was currently waiting behind another pillar switching the hand his pistol was in looking for a good spot to ambush them from.

Oregon looked at her, raised the pistol currently in his left hand and then, with his right, held up three fingers and tilted his head nonverbally asking 'On three?'

She nodded. He then took a quick look around his pillar and lowered a finger, she too glanced at the warily approaching enemies taking a mental note of their location. Oregon lowered another finger, then the last and reached up gripping the pillar and placing against his foot so it would give him the force to jump onto it.

* * *

><p>She then saw him standing on the window sill of a collapsing building his black visored Air assault helmet looking at them as they waited for him to jump aboard the pelican as he held the detonator to the C-12 charges they had both planted around it. It would be enough to erase the building, everything and everyone inside it from existence.<p>

"C'mon Oregon! We have to go!" She shouted at him through her helmets radio over the building that for the moment was holding.

"No can do Tex that shot the detonator took damaged its range. I'll have to activate the charges from inside the building." He reached around his head and drew the chip containing the strategist A.I. Zeta from his helmet.

"Take good care of him alright?" He said as he threw the chip to her.

He then turned back towards the building and began running back inside, The last thing she saw of him was his silhouette as the charges detonated.

-Flashback end-

She mentally shook her head to clear those thoughts. 'He's dead there's no point dwelling on it.'

"Why do you care?" She asked looking at him.

"I'm just curious. From what I know of Freelancers they don't use knives like this, this style of knife is more of a Spartan thing." He

said absently as he drew the knife and began tossing it up and catching it by the blade as it came down.

"It's not important and what do you mean 'What you know of Freelancers'? Just how much do you know about us?" Tex demanded.

"Tex..." he said ignoring her questions, she saw he was reading the engraving Oregon had etched into the blade "Ahhh, you must be the infamous Agent Texas. I have heard a lot about you from ONI. According to them you are the one of the few Freelancers that could give a Spartan a run for his or her money." Six would know this given that he's the one that told them that.

"And why would The Office (as it was known as among the Freelancers) tell you anything? Your just a red soldier." She said, her hostility growing.

"Simple, it's because I was the Spartan in charge of looking over the Director's shoulder, as well as reporting any potential threat to Earth and her colonies directly to ONI. They knew what he'd done to the Alpha A.I. as soon as I did. They simply felt it was in Earth's best interest they didn't interfere." He said with a trace of disgust in his voice.

"You're a Spartan?" She asked surprised at this bit of information about her guard.

Before he could answer, Simmons entered the room, He turned toward Six and said "Six, Sarge wants you topside. He want as much competence out there while still guarding the prisoner. That and if all else fails you can throw Grif at them."

"Alright." Six nodded as he stood up. "Here, hold this." he said as he re-sheathed the knife and handed it to Simmons and left the base.

"You 'Simmonsed' me, Sarge?" Six asked looking at the red armored sergeant. Sending a nod to the silent robot Lopez

"Look at those troop movements. I haven't seen men this coordinated since my time on-wekegahuragur!" Sarge began before suddenly having what appeared to be a seizure.

"Sarge? You O.K.?" Six asked tipping his head to the right under the influence of one of the quirks he didn't even know he had. (But a certain few Freelancers do)

"Yeah why would you ask that? Tall... red, guy..." 'Sarge' responded his voice completely different.

Under his visor Six narrowed his eyes. 'Might as well play along, he still has that shotgun, and at this range it would tear through me like paper.' "Alright, Sarge it sounded for a second like you had a stroke or something." He walked over to his sniper rifle which he normally leaned up against the wall was laying flat on the ground, the little sign tied to it with a piece of string still in place it reads: Don't touch or else, he looked at the unconscious Grif laying next to the rifle and thought 'I warned him.'

He picked up the weapon in question and slung his DMR across his back "I'll see if I can pick one or two of those Freelancers off." He walked to the edge of the base and reached down to steady himself as he did a small jump off of it vanishing from 'Sarge's' sight.

Church breathed a sigh of relief as the red giant walked off. 'That was a close one.' He thought as he entered the base. He looked and saw Tex standing there with the maroon guy standing there, he then approached and he turned towards Church.

"Hey man, what's up yo." Church said.

"Uhhhh, hey. What's going on out there sir?"

"What the-... nothing. Why would you ask if something's wrong?" Church asked getting a little nervous.

"I think that that's a perfectly normal question during a time of war sir."

"Yeah well I don't know. You're stating to act kind of suspicious there... other red guy. So I'm keeping my eye on you."

"Sarge I'm starting to think that- Ahh geez the back of my head!" He cried out in surprise and pain as Church clubbed him on the afore mentioned location.

"What the hell are you doing?" Tex shouted.

"Tex it's me, Church I'm here to bust you out."

"You're kind of short to be Church."

"What- Oh yeah the armor."

"Harurgh! What in Sam Hell? Where the- Who spit on my visor?" Sarge said oh-so eloquently as Church stepped out of him.

"Tex, there's not much time to explain, so I'm just gonna give you the summary here, okay? I'm a spirit now, and I'm trapped in the physical world. I possessed this red guy, so that I could sneak in to the base and rescue you, while the rest of our guys run around out in the middle of the canyon, dressed in black armor, that they got from going through the teleporter." Church hastily explained while Sarge tried to regain his bearings.

"...Okay."

"What... that's it? Okay? You're not surprised by any of this?"

"No, it pretty much all makes sense."

"Yes, yes it does." Both occupants of the room jerked in surprise as from the wall behind them emerged the Spartan a faint glow surrounding him, his DMR aimed at head level.

"Hello, Tex and Church. It has been a while. You probably don't remember me but I remember both of you quite explicitly."

* * *

><p>There you have it chapter 5<p>

Here's another of my questions only this one will impact the story a LOT more than the others or not depending on the opinions of you, my readers. Here it is:

Should I bring Rookie, from ODST, in and have him join the blue team? You know to even the teams and stuff or perhaps write another story were Tex Calls him in. Either way I really don't care so tell me what you think.

Further edits will take place when I get Word working again. *Smacks computer*

So see ya' next time!

6. Chapter 6

I don't own Halo or Red vs. Blue. I still can't be bothered to come up with something clever. A chunk of this chapter is transcribed from what I could glean from the audio.

* * *

><p>Noble Six looked at the shocked faces... visors... whatever of the two other occupants of the room and grinned under his helmet. "Don't look so surprised Tex. Did you think we knew as much as we did without getting some of your technology as well? Ha how stupid do you think we are?" He said with a laugh. "Now," He said all trace of humor gone from his voice. "Give me one good reason, why I shouldn't kill you both right now."<p>

"Uhhh I'm already dead?" Church said hesitantly. Suddenly there was a bang and something whizzed around the inside of the base ricocheting off the walls and suddenly collided with the Lt.'s chest. he slammed into the wall with enough force to leave a spider-web of cracks in it.

"Tex, run!" Church shouted after reentering Sarge and running for the door.

Tex turned to run but stopped and looked back at the barely conscious red Spartan. She ran to him grabbed his helmeted head and glared into his black visor. "How did you get the Phase- Shifter the only agent to have that was..." She demanded but trailed off as he started laughing under his helmet.

"Your friend wasn't as dead as you thought." He said before passing out.

Tex's green eyes (They are green right?) widened under her helmet. 'Could Oregon have still been... alive?' She thought as she looked down at the Spartan and gripped by an unexplainable anger delivered a hard kick to his head, lodging it, still encased in his helmet, into the wall.

* * *

><p>'Ow' Six thought as Tex jammed his head into the wall. 'Sorry Tex... But you can't know ONI would have problems with that. And I used to be how ONI would solve its problems.' He thought to himself before contacting Zeta. 'So Zeta. Was there a reason you didn't warn me?'

'Because, you had to show as much surprise as the others for my plan to work.' The A.I. said wirelessly returning to his old partner's suit. Because, while Omega could jump from suit to suit via the radio, Zeta could jump from suit to suit through navigation data in other words someone uses their binoculars he can get into their system. Or in this case a sniper scope.

'I still don't get why I had to get shot.' He thought back ignoring the growing ache in his chest.

'Because it is a feasible reason as to why you let them go. That one in the standard blue armor, Caboose as they call him, has a very 'interesting' mind.'

'How so?' Six asked placing his hands on the wall to try and extricate his head from the wall.

Zeta went on to explain how Caboose thought of the members of his team.

'They're as messed up as we are.'

'Indeed.'

* * *

><p>Tex looked back at the red base and thought about what the Spartan inside had said.<p>

'Did the Office find Oregon first and that's why we never found him?' She thought then received a horrific vision of her friend, they had been partners for years after all, lying on the ground blackened, bleeding his visor shattered and his face covered in burns as a dozen or so faceless Office spooks surrounded him and shipped him off to one of their bases.

She shook her head 'If he was alive then, he isn't now.' She thought as she met up with Church outside the base.

"Alright," Church said as she joined him outside the base "I'll make one more distraction, then you run up to the teleporter, and escape. Ready?" She nodded "One... Two... Three!" A loud gunshot echoed throughout the canyon and Church's body just seemed to drop.

"What the-?" Church said noticing his bodiless state. "Where did my body go?" He looked over to see Caboose holding a sniper rifle. "Oh, you've gotta be KIDDING me!" He shouts his anger at Caboose growing to new heights.

"Tucker did it!" Was Caboose's response of choice.

* * *

><p>"Hello? Hello?" Sarge said looking around at his slightly off

color surroundings. "I said hello? Hello. Is anybody out here?"

Church walked out from wherever he was dress in white armor. "Holy cow, would you stop yelling? I'm here."

"What is this place?" Sarge said once again looking around.

Church looked at him. "Well, that's... kind of hard to explain. Uhm... You were shot in the head, buddy. So, here you are."

"Am I dead?" Sarge asked slightly nervous as to the answer.

"Are you dead, well, yeah, that's how I ended up here."

"Are you some kinda Angel?"

"Aheh heh heh ham I an Angel. Uh," Church clears his throat "yeah, actually, I am, I'm an Angel. Um, do you want to go to Heaven? 'Cause it's, like, ten bucks to get in."

(The rest is the same and I don't feel like typing it so I'll skip to where deviates.)

"Grif, why in Hell would you give somebody CPR for a bullet wound in the head! That doesn't make a lick of sense." Sarge said turning to the orange private, who sighed.

"You're welcome sir." Grif said with a sigh wonder why he had save the officer

"I mean it's all so damn inconsistent. What would you do if they stabbed me in the toe, rub my neck with aloe vera? Hey there Grif! I think I feel an aneurism comin' on. Could you help me out with one of them therapeutic massages? What about the Lt.? Look at him over there coughing up blood." The two privates turn and see the Spartan in red leaning against the base entrance his helmet in one hand and he was coughing blood into the other. "You gonna give him a foot rub?"

A day or two later Six had stopped hacking blood and Donut had gotten back from the command hospital and had once again taken the role of Flag-holder.

"Dude, this is sweet! Command was so happy that I got the blue flag, they gave me my own color armor!" He said happily while performing his afore mentioned duty.

Grif and Simmons look at each other, then Grif turns to Donut "Uh... hey Donut?"

Donut looks back "What?"

Simmons fiddled with the pistol in his hands not meeting Donuts eye "Um, about your armor..."

Donut tips his head in confusion though unlike Six he is fully aware he does this. "What about it?"

Simmons looked up awkwardly still not meeting Donut's eye "How do I put this... Your armor is, um... It's a little, um... Grif, uh, you

want to help me out here?"

Grif in his sensitive as a rock manner stated mockingly. "It's pink. Your armor is fricking pink!"

Simmons realized that is what he had wanted to say from the start. "Yeah, that's it. Pink."

Donut either in denial or color blind responded with. "Pink, my armor's not pink."

Simmons who seemed to be beginning to enjoy himself. "Yeah, definitely pink."

All the while Donut was becoming slightly more ashamed of his armor. "You guys are colorblind. Why would they give me pink armor?"

That is when Grif decided to show a minor piece of history knowledge by referencing the failed military plan. "Hey, don't ask, don't tell."

Simmons couldn't help but chuckle a bit at the joke. "Heh, that's not funny."

The volume of Grif's laughter rises as he talks "It's a little funny."

Donut who didn't see the humor in it at all said losing his patience slightly "Look at it, it's not pink. It's like uh... a lightish-red."

Grif continued his fun-making of Donut "Guess what, They already have a color for lightish red. You know what it's called? _Pink_."

Donut looked down, all pride in his shiny new armor gone. "I hate you guys."

Sarge then came walking up the ramp Lopez and Six following him. "Well hello, _dirtbags_." He looks at Donut "and a fine hello to you, madam."

As Donut finally lost what little remained of his patience he shouted. "It's _light red_."

Sarge responded in his usual way "Don't get your panties in a wad there, Barbie. Do you have a package for me?"

(Let's see what's happening at blue base. Shall we?)

* * *

><p>-Meanwhile at Blue Base-<p>

As we open this scene we come across the blue team... Well its two surviving members, and one not so surviving, and Tex. Two of the three living people present watched as the third argued with the dearly departed member of their team.

"As far as I'm concerned, I'm square with you." Tex said with an air of finality that was promptly ignored by Church.

"I saved you from a life of imprisonment. How the hell are you square with _me_?" He demanded incredulously.

"Because _I_ didn't kill _you_ back at Sidewinder. Besides there is someone I have to find..." Her mind once again dragged to Oregon.

"You know, I don't really see how not killing somebody is the same thing as doing them a favor." Church crossed his arms and huffed.

Between each exchange of words Tucker and Caboose had, in unison, turned to the one who would speak next.

But Church broke this cycle by shouting victoriously in response to Tex's threat of: "Well, if you don't appreciate it, I could just kill you right now." with "No you can't, I'm already dead, bitch! I guess the joke's on you!"

Then Caboose made his voice heard. "Stop it! Stop fighting. Can't you see that you're tearing us apart? WHAT ABOUT US?"

"What _about_ you?" Tex asked not sure what he was getting at.

"We helped you too. And what do we get? Nothing!" Caboose continued with his surprisingly well thought out argument.

"Well yeah, but..." Tex began trying to think of a way to get out of here and look for clues about Oregon.

"Yeah, _but_ nothin'_. He's got a point." Her thoughts were interrupted by Church.

"I did help them get the flag back." She said knowing it was a weak argument as she was now just grasping at straws.

"Yeah, but you were paid to do that. We rescued you as a favor. We could have just let you rot in the red army prison, it wouldn't have made any difference to us." Tucker said victory in his voice.

"Fine, I'll stay here as long as it takes to help you guys win this thing. As soon as I have, I'm outta here. But they've got a Spartan so we're going to need some back-up." Tex said resignation in her voice, then in her last sentence she began scrolling through her contact list looking for a certain number in particular.

* * *

><p>-Meanwhile somewhere else-<p>

Don Saeling (pronounced sailing) was getting up for the day but his routine, while in a few minutes was about to be interrupted anyway, led him to once again examine the scar across his throat. He had acquired it his first mission as a Freelancer, and one of the only four he was able to do before being discharged, an insurrectionist with a Covenant spiker tore his throat and neck open. He'd been legally dead for four minutes.

He ran his fingers over the jagged edges of the memory of the wound

that had cost him the ability to speak, he had since gained the interesting ability to convey his meaning, no matter how complex, through looks, gestures and body language. He looked at the scars position and the fact that his pure black hair ended right at it at the center of his neck. He looked up into his own steel grey eyes, and soundlessly sighed as he lifted his helmet into its place on his head.

"Hey Rookie, Ya done in there or what? Bucks got a message for ya." Came the voice of Romeo a member of Don's, or Rookie as they called him, squad of ODSF or 'orbital drop shock trooper' they were the best of the best, with a good deal of crazy as well.

Rookie turned and walked out to the briefing room his continuously polarized visor in place and sealed and he walked up to his commanding officer and gave his patented 'You called' look, not that someone who he hadn't worked with could tell the difference.

"Rookie you have a message." Gunny Sergeant Eddie Buck said looking at the slightly shorter than him newest member of his team.

Rookie opened the little folder icon that appeared in the lower corner of his HUD and a window popped open with six words and a letter.

Texas is calling _it_ in, Arizona

T.

Under his helmet Rookie's eyes widened. He hadn't heard from her in years and now she was calling _that_ in. Rookie looked at Buck who was inexplicably able to understand the question.

"It came from the planet the ship is orbiting. In fact we will be over it in a few hours." He said looking at the Rookies face plate. Who nodded turned and walked over to his pod, it was then that Buck noticed the shotgun and silenced SMG in his hand and on his back respectively. The Rookie locked his shotgun and SMG in place in his pod, then turned and looked at Buck, who nodded. "We'll drop you off when we get there." With a nod, Rookie sits down comfortably in the pod lowers his head and doses off.

* * *

><p>I present to you chapter 6<p>

Read, enjoy it or despise it, it makes no difference to me.

And no, there are no plot altering questions this time.

To quote my hero: Bye Bye *waves with eyes narrowed to slits*

7. Chapter 7

I don't own Halo or Red vs. Blue. As with Six in chapter 1 I feel compelled to tell you I will be taking liberties with Rookie's (I gave him a name but most people will refer to him as Rookie and if not then Arizona, but at first they will refer to him by name.) past and for those who get prissy with me I remind you: None of Red vs.

Blue happened in actual Halo. The closest it got was an Easter egg in Halo 3 I think.

* * *

><p>Rookie was suddenly aware of being shaken as he rejoined the waking world. He looked up to see the face of Dutch looking at him, his hand on Rookie's shoulder. When he saw Rookie was awake he turned to give the newest member of the team a view of their commanding officer.<p>

"It's time for your drop Rookie. But when you get back I expect to know what this is about." Buck said looking at the ex-Freelancer. Not that he knew that.

With a nod Rookie sat back in the pod and the hatch closed.

* * *

><p>-Meanwhile in Blood Gulch, Blue base-<p>

The ghost of Church, Tucker and Caboose were all standing on the cliffs of to the left of Blue base discussing the two things that would be happening soon. The first was Tex's immanent repairing of the tank or Sheila as Caboose called her. The second was the arrival of the person who owed Tex, even their gender was concealed from the three of them, and speculations are flying around.

Caboose was adamant that it was another scary/mean person.

Tucker... Well for those who know Tucker I'll leave it to your imagination.

And Church was pretty damn sure it was another Freelancer, something he saw that would make getting the A.I. (Omega) out of her head all that much harder.

Church looked at Tucker like he was nuts and exclaimed "Are you insane? You're letting her bring another Freelancer here! If I had a body I'd kick your ass Tucker!"

"What's the big deal? She didn't even say they were a Freelancer, just someone who owed her something." Tucker was quick to defend his (rather disturbing) fantasies about who Tex called in.

"That's just it. The only people who would owe her anything are Freelancers!" Church almost shouted back.

"I just hope their nice, there are enough mean people here." Caboose said looking at the two of them as they both gave him 'Are you retarded?' looks, which he didn't notice being the dumb-as-a-sack-of-bricks individual he was.

"Anyway, even if it is a Freelancer won't that make our jobs easier?" Tucker asked only to hear a screech of something approach at high speeds and being in a 'war zone' the two with above five year old cognitive function dove for the ground expecting it to be some form of red attack.

When they heard the impact but no detonation they stood and walked to

the edge of the cliff they were standing on and looked to see some kind of pod sitting, while slightly smoking, in a crater about fifty feet to the right of the base.

They looked down to see Tex look up from the tank she was fixing to the pod. Then she put down her tools and stood to walk to it, then she paused turning to them she asked over the com-system "You guys coming?" before she set off to the pod.

"Let's go. If that's Tex's 'friend' let's hope they died on impact." After that the three trekked off toward the pod and its crater.

As the Blue team walked over to the pod it was then that Church recognized its make. "Aw Tex, you didn't call in one of those ODS psychos did you?" praying that she'd say no... No such luck had he.

"He owed me and was, apparently, close." She said with a dismissive shrug. "Hey, you still alive in there?" she shouted at the pod. Then they all heard a series of beeps in their speakers.* Then she asked jokingly "Still haven't fixed that voice-box yet?" Then she heard two tones one mid octave the other slightly lower**. After which Tex laughed and said "You wish Don."

"Don? Oh no, not him." Church said actually backing away from the pod.

"Why? What's the problem?" Tucker said not realizing where he was standing was a bad idea. Given that he was standing ten feet directly in front of the pod.

"Remember when I told you Tex beat Jimmy to death with his own skull?"

"Yeah" Tucker answered with a nod wondering where this was going.

"Well Don is the guy who taught her how to do that. He has also been known to strangle people with their own spine, luckily he hasn't taught Tex this yet." Church cast a wary glance at the now hissing pod.

"He can wha- sonofab*tch!" Tucker began saying, and finishing as the hatch blasted off the pod and sent him flying.

Stepping from the pod, shotgun on his back SMG in his hand, Don looked at the assembled blues and Tex, then cast a glance only she could read at her and beeped in what appeared to be a curious manner.

"What can I say, I'm stuck with them." She answered with a shrug.

"Why do you beep instead of talk?" Caboose asked confusedly.

Rookie blinked under his helmet walked back to his pod reached inside and removed a small bright yellow A.I. containment unit and inserted it into his helmet.

_"Hello Don, it is good to see you again." _The blue team was

surprised to hear a feminine voice from his helmet as he turned toward them and then the A.I. said _"Don has asked that I serve as his voice until I can devise a program to do this for me. Anyway hello, I am Nu, the artificial intelligence unit."_

"Hi, nice computer lady." Caboose said looking at the yellow armored feminine form that actually appeared to be sitting on the shoulder of the recently arrived ODST trooper.

"Hello Michael." She said with audible smile. _"Agent Texas"_ She said in greeting, surprisingly, a slight edge to her voice since she seemed so chipper.

"Still haven't forgiven me huh?" Tex said though mentally not caring what the A.I. thought.

"You left Don to die, and he did for four minutes. You tell me, and yes Don, I remember you told her to think finish the mission but I don't care, she shouldn't have left you." Nu crossed her arms and turned her head away from them like a petulant child.

"Anyway," Church said trying not to think about what the A.I. might mean by that "How do you know his name?"

_"I've read all your files: Pvt. Michael J. Caboose, on his first deployment, not much else in here.__
>_Pvt. Lavernius Tucker on his fifth new squad after being transferred four times due to the sheer number of sexual harassment charges also demoted from corporal for hitting on the colonels daughter.__
>_And Pvt. Leonard Church, your file was next to blank, I thought it was strange."_

Don looked at the base and started heading towards it. "If you need us I'll be unpacking, and Caboose." They were again surprised at the suddenly masculine voice, "Stay away from my pod. I have to pay for it if something happens that wasn't caused by the drop." There was a feminine giggling and Nu asked _"What do you think? I think I have his voice down pretty well."_

And with that they entered the base.

* * *

><p>And So I present you Ch.7<p>

*Yeah I'm still kicking. Release bolts can't say as much though

**Screw you

Just so you know:

Zeta: Alpha's strategist side.

Nu: Alpha's compassion

Still don't own any part of Halo or RvB. Not that I'm trying that hardâ€¦|

To address some Questions:

Trooper0007: No, while an interesting idea, I feel I have enough epic-ness in one canyon. _For now... (Evil/Dramatic background music)_

Reynaldo: Sure I could use some ideas they will most likely appear in flashbacks though unless I really like them then they'll somehow join the main story, if you're ok with that.

Anyone else feel completely mind-blown from the ending of season 9? To be honest it made me a bit sick to my stomach, not that it was bad its just thinking about it makes my head spin and stomach crawl. It also could be my lack of any form of food for the past two days, but thats besides the point.

And I am very sorry about the wait, it probably won't happen again anytime soon after all it was motorcycle crash induced.

* * *

><p>Six looked up from the rifle that's scope he had just been adjusting at the sound of a screech of something entering from orbit at near mach two speeds and then the impact of said object. 'Was thatâ€¦| a drop pod?' he thought standing on the edge of the base looking out to the faint smoke trail that headed straight toward the blue base.<p>

"What in Sam-hell?" The southern accent of Sarge cried out, as he came running out of the red base along with Grif and Simmons. The three of them stopped next to the Lt. and he turned to them.

"The Blues either just got a supply drop or some reinforcements in ODST form." Said officer said his eyes returning to the hill that kept the combatants in the canyon from getting a direct line of sight to each other's bases. "I'll check it out." He said, once again, setting off for what had come to be known as his 'Cliff of Spying.'

As he reached the top he looked through the scope of his rifle and confirmed his earlier suspicions as he saw the familiar armor and the most recognized helmet in human space, the helmet of an ODST. 'Hmmm. Zeta what are your thoughts?' Six asked his helmet-mate A.I.

_ 'I suggest waiting and seeing how this plays out, and keep our side from dying of course. I wish to see if Tex has improved since we last met. Also if she brought who I think she brought'_

'Alright, but I'm getting a bad feeling about this.' Six nodded and turned to move back to the base.

* * *

><p>"Wait, so you both are Freelancers?" Tucker asked having recovered from his head to paneling meeting with the pods hatch.<p>

"I'm an Ex-Freelancer." Don said with emphasis on the Ex part as he watched Tex work to repair the tank, vehicular maintenance never being his strong point. Even to that day he had no idea how the hell that tank had exploded, all he had been doing was clearing the treds of rocks.

Don looked around from his perch on the vehicle as he thought about what the plan; Tex would repair the tank then she would drive it to the red base and he would run around the back and distract the Spartan and keep him from interfering especially now that Tex had explained why she wanted out of here.

'Nu, how goes the search?' He asked the A.I. he had stolen from Freelancer headquarters, who had been running a search through the ONI databanks the she could, metaphorically, reach and access.

"Not well Don. Anything regarding Oregon just ends after his disappearance. There isn't even a death certificate."

'According to Tex that Spartan on the other team has Oregon's Phase Shifter. Try looking for that.' Don suggested, semi-unaware (hearing it but not paying much attention to it) of the conversation occurring between the non-Freelancer, ex- or otherwise, occupants of blue base.

"How long do you figure until Tex fixes the tank?" Church asked from the three's vantage point on the cliff.

Tucker told Church what Tex had told him "Not much longer, she said it's going pretty well. The gun's almost working, and then she'll get it moving again, only she said she should get in going in a few hours so long as Don doesn't touch anything."

"And knowing him he won't, that's just fan_tastic." Church growled out throwing his hands up in frustration.

"Why would that upset you?" Tucker asked annoyed at the other blue.

"Because as soon as she gets the tank online, she's gonna use it against the reds, Don is gonna distract the Spartan, and then they're all gonna die."

Tucker then pointed out "The reds' dying is a good thing."

Church "No Tucker, it's not a good thing. As soon as we beat the reds, Tex is outta here. And I still haven't figured out a way to get that A.I. out of her head."

"_A.I..." _Caboose said trying to remember what it meant.

Church cut him off before he could start that again. "Shut up, Caboose. And if I don't get it out before she leaves..."

"If she leaves you won't ever find her again." Tucker supplied.

"Right."

"So what're you gonna do?" Tucker asked curious

"I guess I'm gonna do the only thing that I can do. I have to warn the reds before she fixes the tank."

"You're switching sides?" Tucker's annoyance with his incorporeal former commanding officer growing to new heights.

"Sorry guys. I don't have much choice." He said not sounding sorry in the least.

Caboose however, was nervous. "Church, uh, wha, what happens when the reds hear and then they come over here with guns , to stop Tex and Don, and they find us?"

To which Church responded "I'll try to help you as best I can. Good luck guys." Though Tucker knew not to hold his breath.

-Meanwhile at the bottom of the cliff-

Don glanced at Tex. "Think we should tell them we heard everything?"

Tex shook her head and explained "Nah, I want to see how heir plan falls apart, and trust me, it will. It's only a matter of how, and how badly."

* * *

><p>Again, sorry about the wait. It shouldn't happen again but there will however be a bit of a wait. My insurance covered most of my medical bills but I still have rent, tuition and bike repairs. So I will be getting a full time job, not the part time I've had until this point.<p>

But you don't read this to hear me gripe so please forgive me for the wait, and tune in next time.

End
file.